the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, whē a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is diſcretion, in the which beter part I haue ſaued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead, how if hee ſhould counterfeit too and riſe? by my faith, I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit: therfore ile make him ſure, yea, & ile ſweare I kilde him. VVhy may not he riſe aſwel as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe, Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.*

*Prin.* Come brother Iohn, ful brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy maiden ſword.

*Iohn.* But ſoft, whome haue we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
VVithout our eares, thou art not what thou ſeemſt.

*Fal.* No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not Iacke Falſtalffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percie, if your Father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him kill the next Percy himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

*Prin.* VVhy Percy I kilde my ſelfe, and ſaw thee deade.

*Fal.* Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying: I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but wee roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long howre by Shrewſburie clocke, if I may bee beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I wold make him eate a peece of my ſword.

*Iohn.* This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

*Prin.* This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother Iohn,
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For



For my part, if a lie may doe th
Ile guilde it with the happieſt t
*A retreat is*

*Prin.* The trumpets ſound re
Come brother lets to the high
To ſee what friends are liuing,

*Fal.* Ile follow as they ſay fo
God reward him. If I do grow
purge and leaue Sacke, and liue
doe.

*The trumpets ſound, Enter th*
*Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle*
*ſter and Vernon priſoner*

*King.* Thus euer did rebelli
Ill ſpirited Worceſter, did not
Pardon and terms of loue to al
And would ſt thou turne our o
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſm
Three knights vpon our party
A noble Earle, and many a crea
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou hadſt tr
Betwixt our Armies true intell

*Wor.* What I haue done, my
And I imbrace this fortune pat
Since not to be auoided, it fals
K. Beare Worceſter to the de
Other Offenders we will pauſe
How goes the field?

*Prin.* The noble Scot, Lord
The fortune of the day quite tu
The noble Percy ſlaine, and all
Vpon the foot of feare, fled wi
And falling from a hill, he was
That the purſuers tooke him.
The Douglas is, and I beſeech
I may diſpoſe of him.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22283) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3